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Columbia, arise, swell the pæan again !

May the spirit of party take wing from thy borders,

May discord subside, and our land shall remain,

Undefac'd, unpolluted by hostile marauders !

Round Liberty's tree

United we'll be,

And show to mankind we're resolv'd to be free.

Then huzza ! let our banners float proudly unfurl'd,

Lo ! the full orb of Peace now illumines the world.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL.

SIR,

I enclose an exquisite little Poem, by SADOLET, on the Statue of LAOCOON. It has been rarely published, and its insertion in your Journal may gratify that taste for the fine arts, which seems to be dawning among us. If you think that the translation accompanying it will give pleasure to those of your readers, who cannot enjoy the original, it is at your service.

JACOBI SADOLETI CARMEN DE STATUA LAOCOONTIS.

Ecce alto terræ e cumulo, ingentisque ruinæ
Visceribus, iterum *reducem** longinqua reduxit
Laocoönta dies : aulis regalibus olim
Qui stetit, atque tuos ornabat, Tite, penates.
Divinæ simulachrum artis, nec docta vetustas
Nobilius spectabat opus ; nunc celsa revisit
Exemptum tenebris redivivæ mænia Romæ.
Quid primum summumve loquar ? miserumne parentem
Et prolem geminam ? an sinuatos flexibus angues
Terribili aspectu ? caudasque irasque draconum,
Vulneraque, et veros, saxo moriente, dolores ?
Horret ad hæc animus, mutaque ab imagine pulsat
Pectora, non parvo pietas commixta tremori.
Prolixum bini spiris glomerantur in orbem
Ardentes colubri, et sinuosis orbibus errant,
Ternaque multiplici constringunt corpora nexu,

* *reducem* : better perhaps *in lucem*.

Vix oculi sufferre valent crudele tuendo
 Exitium, casusque feros : micat alter, et ipsum
 Laocoönte petit, totumque infraque supraque
 Implicat, et rabido tandem ferit ilia morsu.
 Connexum refugit corpus, torquentia sese
 Membra, latusque retro sinuatum a vulnere cernas.
 Ille dolore acri, et laniatu impulsus acerbo,
 Dat gemitum ingentem, crudosque evellere dentes
 Connixus, lævam impatiens ad terga chelydri
 Objicit : intendunt nervi, collectaque ab omni
 Corpore vis frustra summis conatibus instat.
 Ferre nequit rabiem, et de vulnere murmur anhelum est.
 At Serpens lapsu crebro redeunte subintrat
 Lubricus, intortoque ligat genua infima nodo.
 Absistunt suræ, spirisque prementibus arcum
 Crus tumet, obsepto turgent vitalia pulsu,
 Liventesque atro distendunt sanguine venas.
 Nec minus in natos eadem vis effera sævit
 Implexuque angit rapido, miserandaque membra
 Dilacerat : jamque alterius depasta cruentum
 Pectus, suprema genitorem voce cientis,
 Circumjectu orbis, validoque volumine fulcit.
 Alter adhuc nullo violatus corpore morsu,
 Dum parat adducta caudam divellere planta
 Horret ad aspectum miseri patris, haeret in illo,
 Et jamjam ingentes fletus, lachrymasque cadentes
 Aneps in dubio retinet timor. Ergo perenni,
 Qui tantum statuistis opus, jam laude nitentes,
 Artifices magni (quamquam et melioribus actis
 Quæritur æternum nomen, multoque licebat
 Clarius ingenium venturæ tradere famæ)
 Attamen, ad laudem quæcumque oblata facultas
 Egregium hanc rapere, et summa ad vestigia niti.
 Vos rigidum lapidem vivis animare figuris
 Eximii, et vivos spiranti in marmore sensus
 Inserere ; aspiciamus motumque iramque doloremque
 Et pene audimus gemitus : vos extulit olim
 * Clara Rhodos, vestræ jacuerunt artis honores

* Pliny, in lib. 36. Sect. 4, observes, that when several artists unite to form a single statue, the trouble of repeating all their names prevents the celebrity of any, and adds, "Sicut in Laocoönte, qui est in Titi Imperatoris domo, opus omnibus et

Tempore ab immenso, quos rursum in luce secunda
 Roma videt, celebratque frequens : operisque vestusti
 Gratia parta recens. Quanto præstantius ergo est
 Ingenio, aut quovis extendere fata labore,
 Quam fastus et opes et inanem extendere luxum.

TRANSLATION.

Lo, rising from the bosom of the tomb,
 Dragged from the ruins of devoted Rome,
 Laocoön lives, who once adorn'd the hearth,
 Whence the good Titus rul'd and bless'd the earth.
 Model of Art—the choicest genius gave
 To swell Rome's glory, or to deck her grave.
 What tongue the wonders of the work can tell,
 The serpents, vast, voluminous and fell,
 Their monstrous size, their giant strength display,
 Their rage, their triumph, as they crush their prey,
 The fathers' sufferings, the children's cries,
 And all the dying marble's agonies ?
 Shock'd by the sight, in vain we chide the tear,
 Yet while we melt in pity, start for fear.
 Scarce can our eyes the cruel scene sustain,
 Support their struggles, or endure their pain.
 Look ! how these ministers of wrath divine
 In iron volumes round their victims twine,
 See this in fury to the father glide,
 Curl round his arms, and rend his bleeding side.
 Observe his body bending from the foe,
 Writhing and shrinking to avoid the blow,
 That piteous look to heaven despairing thrown,
 And the keen anguish of that harrowing groan,
 Hasting to tear the reeking fangs away,
 He grasps the monster's throat with frantick sway,
 Their utmost force his nerves convulsive strain,
 Struggling with all their strength—but all in vain.
 The other Serpent in relentless folds,
 Fixed to the spot, the victim prophet holds ;

picturae et statuariae artis præponendum. Ex uno lapide eum et liberos, draconumque mirabiles nexus de consilii sententia fecere summi artifices Agesander et Polydorus et Athenodorus, Rhodii."